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SERIES

AUGUST

VOL.  
21

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a  
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

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PART 117

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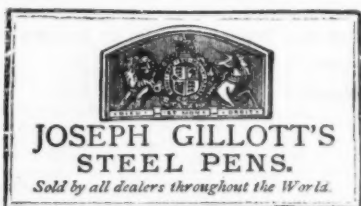
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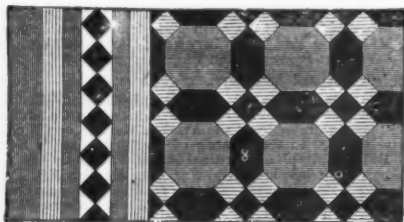
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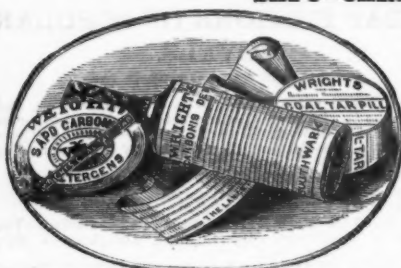
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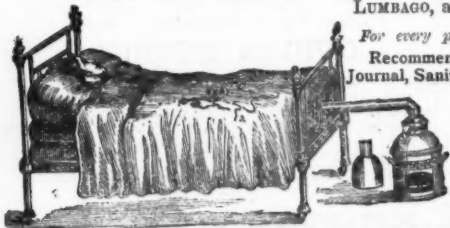
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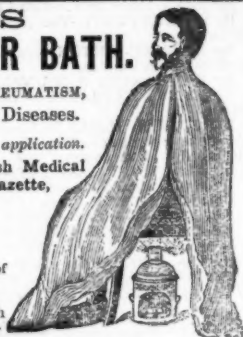
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## ALL OR NOTHING.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," "GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE,"  
&c. &c.

### CHAPTER IV. "IT FELL UPON A DAY."

ROBERT THORNTON was not in his own person a member of the "self-made" class who, however estimable and admirable, are not, as a rule, agreeable, but he was only once removed from that condition. The inevitable half-crown had founded the fortunes of his father, into whose origin he had never enquired, but of whose character and career he was justly proud; while he could not recall any epoch in his own life at which money and all it procures had not been at his command. The self-making man had fallen upon lucky days for his beginnings, upon the piping times of sound speculations, and large undertakings reasonably guaranteed by political and social stability in Europe; and things had prospered with him from his first lucky hit, throughout a career which had been as honourable as it was successful. But the self-making process took time; and the eminent contractor and mine-owner did not consider himself well enough off to marry, until he was a more than middle-aged man. Then he married a pretty and good girl, who was nobody in particular, and who lived just one year after their marriage. The self-made man had the usual ambition to found a family, and to leave an entailed estate; and now he was a widower with an only child. He survived the pretty and simple young wife, whom he loved much better than his success or his ambition, and to whom he

never gave a successor, ten years; and during them he added land to land with great perseverance, buying all he could get in the neighbourhood of his first purchase—in a dull district of Dumfriesshire—but never residing on his estate. He could not have resided on it, indeed, for there was no house; and though he was always intending to build one, and had plans for the projected mansion, numerous enough to have formed a department of an art-exhibition all to themselves, they never got beyond being framed and glazed, and hung upon the walls of the "office" in the old-fashioned house in Bedford Square, in which the self-made man had lived through all his best years, and in which he died. His will was a simple, though a stringent document. Besides his son, he had one relative, a sister, twenty years younger than himself, who had come to live in his house after the death of his wife, and had been charged with the bringing up of the child. To her he bequeathed the house in Bedford Square and all that it contained, with a sum of money sufficient to render her independent for her life; and to his son all his other possessions. The landed estate was tied up by an entail, and the proviso was added to the dispositions of the will, that should there unfortunately be a failure of heirs male, the husband of the female on whom, in that case, The Mains would devolve, must bear the name of Thornton. This was the one harmless vanity of the self-made man. All the fitting and proper provisions as to trustees were duly made, and the will included a strong recommendation of the testator's only child to the gratefully acknowledged care of his sister, upon whom, in the untoward event of Robert's

dying without heirs, the whole property would devolve.

The loneliness of Robert Thornton in the world which held but one human being bound to him by any tie of blood, was the drawback to his otherwise prosperous lot; and the boy felt that loneliness, not only in his boyhood, but when the fair future of early manhood lay before him. A great deal of the simplicity of a social stratum far below his present place in life, existed in Robert Thornton's disposition, tastes, and notions; he felt himself at fault among persons who had lots of people belonging to them, and complex lives and interests to occupy them. It was not that he could not amuse himself like other people, that he had any touch of eccentricity about him, or did not know that, in many respects, he was exceedingly fortunate; but he was naturally sensitive and imaginative, and he was devoid of the cynical selfishness which can find a compensation for isolation in independence. It would have been difficult for any young man of one-and-twenty to be more completely his own master than was Robert Thornton when he attained his majority, and he had plenty of friends and acquaintances to let him see how very much to be envied they considered him. The trustees had done their duty by his estate; and though his fortune was not so large as it was said to be—there had been vicissitudes in the value of certain of its components—it was large for a man without the obligations of rank, and who had literally no claims upon him. His education had been carried out on the plan which his father would have approved, in so far as that he was sent to one of the great public schools, but he declined to follow up that phase of education by university life, and adopted travel instead. It was not orthodox, but it was effective; he saw a great deal of the world, learned much of its history, made some mistakes, but committed no base actions; suffered a good deal from misplaced confidence, but did not clothe himself with cynicism and selfishness as with armour of proof, because the world did not turn out to be all he had expected; distinguished himself among his fellows as a climber of mountains, never showed a trace of the faculty for money-making, or of the interest in the process which had distinguished his father, and was regarded by the comparatively small section of society by whom he was discussed as "not a marrying man."

Robert Thornton was not so popular with women as many men without either his passably good looks, his pleasant manners, or his fortune. He was very courteous to them, and never talked lightly of them or believed the stories of the men who did so; but he did not flatter them, and he never seemed to experience the least reluctance or difficulty about absenting himself from their society. He would be seen at places where the world did congregate for a few weeks, would then disappear, and be next heard of from some mountain peak, or hardly known "interior." This was not satisfactory, not all that might have been expected from a man, who though he was in some senses "nobody," might have created an interest in that negative circumstance itself, and who at least possessed two of the instruments by which he could have hoisted himself from being nobody into being somebody—wealth and independence. He might have been interesting—if indeed he could have escaped being ridiculous—had it ever been suspected that he was romantic. Exploded as romance is as an admitted element of modern life, a secret hankering after it, a feeling that one would like to be romantic if one only could, is not so uncommon as might be thought, and when Mr. Trollope depicts the mercenary and mendacious Lizzie Eustace indulging in visions of a possible Corsair, and hoping he may turn up among her acquaintance, he puts a "pli" of our complex social life with his usual pithy realism. Robert Thornton, however, never was suspected of being romantic; he kept his secret so well until the hour came for its disclosure, that the general opinion concerning him was that, in addition to his not being a marrying man, if he should ever change his mind on that subject, he would be very unlikely to do anything foolish. Doing something foolish, according to the people who discussed Robert Thornton, would mean his marrying for any other than the solid motive of interest. He was one of the rootless ones; he would try for great connections, and a bride with family influence, no doubt.

It was probably this very fact of his rootlessness which kept up, as it had originated, the romance in Robert Thornton's nature. He was strangely alone in the world; but somewhere in the same world there existed the woman who was to be his fellow soul, and before the light and warmth and sufficingness of whose presence

the isolation of his life should disappear. When they two should meet and recognise each other, then the music of life would begin to sound, and its sweet waters to flow; then its meaning would be made plain, and its worth proved; then, all the questioning, and the vagueness, and the irresistible strange sadness, which even hard travel, and commerce of men, and determined plunges into the interests, and the business, and the pleasures of life, were not able to banish completely, would vanish away. Into all these things Robert Thornton did plunge betimes; but he would emerge from them, and find himself on the dim shore again, with the old lonely sense of insufficiency stealing over him, and the consciousness that, in the transient energy with which he went at these things, there was only well-done make-believe after all.

It was towards the end of the second season of Colonel Chumleigh's occupation of the house in Lowndes Street, that Robert Thornton met Laura Chumleigh at a garden party, and that the make-believe of his life came to an end for evermore. He was the last man of whom the men and women who knew him would have predicted that he should fall in love at first sight; but anyone who had found out the secret of his romantic disposition would have felt pretty sure that sooner or later he would fall in love, and that penetrating person would probably have added, "and with the wrong woman." He had fallen in love at first sight at a much later date in his life than would have seemed likely; whether Laura was the wrong woman remains to be seen.

Robert Thornton fell in love with Laura after a fashion of which we say that it is very rare in these days, but perhaps the truth is, that it was never otherwise than very rare; just as true poets, great artists, perfectly beautiful women, men supremely noble, and souls altogether saintly, are very rare. It was a fashion that caused every lighter emotion or fantasy of so-called love that he had ever felt to flutter back to his remembrance, to be regarded for an instant with a glance of incredulous contempt, and to be dismissed for ever to the realm of nothingness; it was a fashion which, while it might have found some relief in the loftiest and most ecstatic, in the humblest and most homago-full, of all the strains of all the poets who have sung of the conqueror of gods and men, had its own language, all impossible of utterance, and was incommunicable, like the sense and certainty of life itself and of its endless

duration. It was not only that from the moment he had learned by heart through his eyes the loveliness of her face and the grace of her form, Laura was beautiful to him; she was beauty itself, all beauty, all delight, all excellence. He had found her at last; here, standing by the side of a shallow piece of ornamental water, in a highly artificial garden not an hour's drive from the heart of fashionable London, glancing at him over a bunch of dusky crimson roses which set off the colouring of her radiant face, and talking the nothings proper to the occasion with the peculiar vividness that belonged to her. Laura Chumleigh was to this man the realisation of an ideal, the fulfilment of a dream; and it changed, he could not have told how, or how soon, into a hope. It seemed to the trustful nature of Robert Thornton that he could not be quite misled by his fate, and altogether doomed to emptiness of life and the walking in a vain shadow; and that as it would be so with him, if this meeting were to have no meaning for the beautiful girl who was a new revelation to him, other than the addition of an insignificant item to her list of acquaintances, it must have a further significance. He was not a vain man—this was not a suggestion of conceit—but the essential loneliness of his life had inclined him to fatalism, though he did not so define it to himself, and there was so strange a fulfilment of his ideal in this meeting, that he accepted the good omen with a superstitious joy.

The story of a courtship cannot be made interesting to those who have assisted at the wedding of the lovers, but it would not be fair to Laura Chumleigh to let it be supposed that she gave nothing but dross in return for the pure gold of such a love as it seldom falls to the lot of a woman to win. She certainly did not fall in love with Robert Thornton, either at first sight or on further acquaintance. They met as frequently, during the brief remainder of the season, and in the autumn and winter, as Mr. Thornton's ingenuity, seconded by Lady Rosa Chumleigh's good will, could contrive that they should meet, and Laura liked him very much indeed. A man more versed in the ways of women of Laura's world would have seen, in that frank liking, the sentiment least answering to the romantic and absorbing passion which filled Robert Thornton's heart; but love in his case did not lack the "humbleness" which is not

often a modern attribute of it, and he was the least presumptuous of wooers. It would have sounded to him sorry foolishness had anyone suggested that he, Robert Thornton, was an entirely eligible parti for Miss Chumleigh, and that the young lady's parents were of that opinion. He was most unfashionably slow about declaring himself, although he had been allowed to perceive from the first that there was no rival for him to fear; and when at length he did so, it was impossible for him to avoid the knowledge that the occasion was not to Laura all it was to him. She accepted him very prettily, very graciously, and told him she did not mean to be known as an engaged girl so early in the season, so easily and frankly, that he was completely disconcerted and unequal to any protest.

Lady Rosa Chumleigh behaved very well on the occasion; she was a little afraid that Laura might not prove tractable, though she had acknowledged that she liked Robert Thornton sufficiently to get on very well with him, and though it was an understood thing that her one chance of marrying for love had been lost, and the matter put entirely out of consideration. Still, Lady Rosa expected Laura to recoil from the step she was prepared to take when the time should come, and Laura did recoil. She meant to marry Robert Thornton, but she would not marry him immediately; she liked him ever so much better as a friend than as a declared lover. She must have the rest of the season "to get over it."

Deep and dire was the vexation of Lady Rosa, but she did not always allow her temper to conquer her prudence, and she gave the victory on this occasion to the latter.

"And then, mamma," said Laura, taking courage on perceiving this, with the quick observation of an oppressor by the oppressed, "there's another thing. Mr. Thornton is very good to me, much better than I deserve; and he is very fond of me"—there was not the slightest bashfulness in the girl's tone; there was perhaps a little sorrowfulness in it; but she was as unembarrassed as if she had been speaking of someone else's lover—"dreadfully fond of me, I am afraid, if deep feelings make people unhappy, and he is the truthfulest person I ever knew. I really cannot let him be under any mistake; I must tell him—"

"What, pray?" Lady Rosa let her

temper have it all its own way now. "That absurd nonsense of two years ago, I suppose! You will do nothing of the sort, if you please. It is not usual, I believe, for girls to boast of their rejected lovers."

"Mamma, mamma! you know it was not that!"

"I know that a man asked you to marry him, and you did not do so; the reason is nobody's business. And you would make it a point of honour to talk about the matter to another man whom you mean to marry! I never heard of anything so unladylike in my life! Not another word, if you please!" Lady Rosa raised her bony hand in stern interdiction of the remonstrance that was on Laura's lips. "I distinctly forbid you to allude to the subject to Mr. Thornton or to anybody else, including myself."

Lady Rosa was very far indeed from a true appreciation of Robert Thornton, but she was a keen observer where it could be for her interest to be well-informed, and she had discerned in her daughter's suitor a depth and concentration of feeling which would be very likely, she thought, to lead to his taking very badly any such information as that, which the girl on whom he had set his strong and tender heart had intended to impart to him. She knew that Laura would not venture to disobey so very emphatic an injunction as she had laid upon her. But, after all, this was only one danger provided against; who could tell when others might arise in a troublesome, one-sided business like this? If the stupid girl could only care a little more for the man, who was so eminently deserving of the love he coveted so greedily!

It has been seen that Lady Rosa Chumleigh had reason to be better satisfied with the state of her daughter's feelings towards Robert Thornton, before the arrival of the blissful day that, as she put it to herself, "got Laura off her mind."

The bride's letters home were not numerous and not long, but her unofficial communications to Julia Carmichael were considerably more expansive than those she addressed to Lady Rosa.

Three weeks after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, who were going to the Mediterranean in their yacht early in September, arrived at Dumfries, with the double purpose of seeing The Mains and visiting Robert Thornton's only relative. The sister of the self-made man had retired from the uncongenial atmosphere of

London life shortly after his death, having sold the house in Bedford Square, and had ever since been living in comfort of the kind she appreciated, in a grey granite-fronted abode, with a small garden and a little plantation of Scotch firs at the back of it, at a short distance from the town of Dumfries. The years had treated Dorcas Thornton very gently; her life had been singularly untroubled ever since the old time of that unforgotten great sorrow her brother's death, and her pride in her nephew had never received a check.

"Do you remember," wrote Mrs. Thornton to her cousin Julia, "the delightful description in 'Marriage' of Lady Juliana Douglas's visit to her husband's Highland home? and of Miss Nicky, Miss Grizzy, and Miss Jacky? I think I am a little disappointed that nothing in my own adventures, on my first visit to Scotland, bears any resemblance to the experience of poor Harry Douglas's 'adored Julia,' that Dumfries is not in the Highlands, and that Mr. Thornton has only one aunt, who is not in the least like any one of the spinsters of Glenfern. The town is dull, but the surrounding country, though they call it very tame here, is delightfully strange to my eyes, accustomed only to London and the tameness of Hunsford. Yesterday we visited The Mains, and I was consulted about the site of the house that is to be built; the works are to be set on foot almost immediately. I found it difficult to form an opinion, because I know nothing about aspects, and points of view, and the other things that require to be considered, and so I answered pretty much at random. One thing I am sure of; that is, that I shall never care much to live in any house here for long at a time; it must be very dull. You will like to know about Miss Thornton. She is like a picture, and almost as quiet as one. She thinks her nephew the most perfect of human beings, and provoked him to the nearest approach to anger I have seen in him, by letting me perceive that she does not particularly admire me, and that she thinks I can never be sufficiently grateful for the good fortune that has befallen me. Nobody, I suppose, likes to have their gratitude prescribed to them, and I generally turn a deaf ear to the broad hints in this sense which Miss Thornton gives me; but otherwise there is nothing whatever to complain of. The house is wonderfully prim, neat, and squarely set forth; the 'plenishing,' as they call fur-

niture in Scotland, is all much older than Mr. Thornton, and most of it he remembers since he was a child. The old lady constantly informs me that she is merely a steward of all these fine things, which she regards with the greatest reverence, and that when she is gone they will all be his. Mr. Thornton would not be unlikely, I imagine, to keep all the dark mahogany, and the drab damask, and the thick glass as relics; and it is to be hoped the new house on The Mains will have plenty of lumber-rooms. It seems the Thorntons originally came from this neighbourhood, and she returned to the old place and the old associations after the death of Mr. Thornton's father. She is a very nice old lady, but so totally unlike anybody we know in her ideas and ways, that I am sure I could not make you realise her in the least. But oh! she has such a charming neighbour—a young widow—who lives in a gem of a little cottage close by the Stone House. Her husband was lost at sea, and she never recovered the shock of his death. Mrs. Monroe—that is her name, Janet Monroe; I like it so much—is quite young, not twenty-five, and very handsome, I think, in a large, calm style. She has only one pleasure in life—her flower-garden, and as I do know something about flowers, we got on from the first. She was at the Stone House when we arrived, and she has been a perfect treasure to me, telling me what are the proper things for me to be interested in, and the queer Scotch names for everything, which you must learn if you want to understand what the servants and people say. I do so wish we could persuade her to come with us on our cruise; I am sure the Mediterranean would be better for her than Scotland, and, as I cannot have you with me, I should like to have her society. She knows your Misses Sandilands, but she never met you; she says you probably know her husband's sister, whose name was, like her own, Janet Monroe; she was at school at Bury House for some time. Do you remember any girl of that name? It was a good many years ago. We shall be in London on the 25th, and Mr. Thornton will take me down to Hunsford for a few days before we start. The yacht will be all ready by the 25th, and we shall go to Southampton a little later. Tell papa Mr. Thornton has called the yacht *Firefly*."

Julia Carmichael was not quite pleased with her cousin's letters; there was not exactly anything to complain of in them,

but she felt that they were not the sort of letters, for instance, that she herself would write if her long engagement with John Sandilands had just come to a happy termination. There was too little about Mr. Thornton, and too much about other people, to please Julia. But, she reflected, she must not make herself a rule for others, and Laura never had any sentimental ways about her. She did not answer the letter just quoted for several days, and in her reply she said: "I mentioned your new acquaintance in writing to Miss Sandilands, and asked about her sister-in-law and namesake. It seems the other Janet Monroe was at Bury House for only a short time, and that she went away to live with a Mrs. Drummond, of Bevis, in Suffolk."

Mrs. Thornton received her cousin's letter as she was leaving Dumfries, and read it in the train. "Nothing wrong, dearest, is there?" asked Robert Thornton, attentive as usual to every look in her face. "Nothing at all," she answered; and then she tore the letter into small pieces, and held them out of the carriage window to be carried away by the wind.

#### CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE Pilgrim Fathers figure in American pedigrees almost as frequently and persistently as Norman William and his followers appear at the trunk of our family trees. Certainly, The Mayflower must have carried very many heads of houses across the Atlantic. It was not in The Mayflower, however, but in The Fortune, a smaller vessel of fifty-five tons, that Robert Cushman, Nonconformist, the founder of the Cushman family in America, sailed from England, for the better enjoyment of liberty of conscience and freedom of religion. In the seventh generation from Robert Cushman appeared Elkanah Cushman, who took to wife Mary Eliza, daughter of Erasmus Babbit, jun., lawyer, musician, and captain in the army. Of this marriage were born Charlotte Saunders Cushman, in Richmond Street, Boston, July 23rd, 1816, and other children.

Charlotte Cushman says of herself: "I was born a tomboy." She had a passion for climbing trees, and for breaking open dolls' heads. She could not make dolls' clothes, but she could manufacture their furniture—could do anything with tools. "I was very destructive to toys and clothes,

tyrannical to brothers and sister, but very social, and a great favourite with other children. Imitation was a prevailing trait." The first play she ever saw was *Coriolanus*, with Macready in the leading part; her second play was *The Gamester*. She became noted in her school for her skill in reading aloud. Her competitors grumbled: "No wonder she can read; she goes to the theatre!" Until then she had been shy and reserved, not to say stupid, about reading aloud in school, afraid of the sound of her own voice, and unwilling to trust it; but acquaintance with the theatre loosened her tongue, as she describes it, and gave opportunity and expression to a faculty which became the ruling passion of her life. At home, as a child, she took part in an operetta founded upon the story of *Bluebeard*, and played *Selim*, the lover, with great applause, in a large attic chamber of her father's house before an enthusiastic audience of young people.

Elkanah Cushman had been for some years a successful merchant, a member of the firm of Topliffe and Cushman, Long Wharf, Boston. But failure befell him, "attributable," writes Charlotte Cushman's biographer, Miss Stebbins, "to the infidelity of those whom he trusted as supercargoes." The family removed from Boston to Charlestown; Charlotte was placed at a public school, remaining there until she was thirteen only. Elkanah Cushman died, leaving his widow and five children with very slender means. Mrs. Cushman opened a boarding-house in Boston, and struggled hard to ward off further misfortune. It was discovered that Charlotte possessed a noble voice of almost two registers: "a full contralto, and almost a full soprano; but the low voice was the natural one." The fortunes of the family seemed to rest upon the due cultivation of Charlotte's voice, and upon her future as a singer. "My mother," she writes, "at great self-sacrifice gave me what opportunities for instruction she could obtain for me, and then my father's friend, Mr. R. D. Shepherd, of Shepherdstown, Virginia, gave me two years of the best culture that could be obtained in Boston at that time, under John Paddon, an English organist and teacher of singing." When the English singer, Mrs. Wood—better known, perhaps, as Miss Paton—visited Boston in 1835 or 1836, she needed the support of a contralto voice. Charlotte Cushman was sent for, and rehearsed duets with Mrs. Wood. The young beginner was advised to prepare

herself for the operatic stage; she was assured that such a voice would "lead her to any height of fortune she coveted." She became the artful pupil of Mr. Maeder, the husband of Clara Fisher, actress and vocalist, and the musical director of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. Instructed by Maeder, Miss Cushman undertook the parts of the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and Lucy Bertram in the opera of *Guy Mannering*. These were her first essays upon the stage.

Mrs. Maeder's voice was a contralto; it became necessary, therefore, to assign soprano parts to Miss Cushman. Undue stress was thus laid upon her upper notes; she was very young, and she felt the change of climate when she went on with the Maeders to New Orleans. It is likely that her powers as a singer had been tried too soon and too severely; her operatic career was brought to a sudden close. Her voice failed her; her upper notes departed never to return; she was left with a weakened and limited contralto register. Alarmed and wretched, she sought counsel of Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the chief New Orleans theatre. "You ought to be an actress, and not a singer," he said, and advised her to take lessons of Mr. Barton, his leading tragedian. Her articles of apprenticeship to Maeder were cancelled. Soon she was ready to appear as *Lady Macbeth* on the occasion of Barton's benefit. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself. She had no costume for the part, and she did not disclose the fact until after rehearsal upon the day before the performance, dreading lest some other actress, better provided with a wardrobe, should be summoned to appear in her stead. The manager, upon her behalf, applied for assistance to the *tragédienne* of the French theatre. "I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at that time, about five feet six inches in height. The Frenchwoman, Madame Closel, was a short, fat person of not more than four feet ten inches, her waist full twice the size of mine, with a very large bust; but her shape did not prevent her being a very great actress. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me, struck her at once. She roared with laughter, but she was very good-natured, saw my distress, and set to work to see how she could help it. By dint of piecing out the skirt of one dress, it was made to answer for an underskirt, and then another dress was taken in in every direction to do duty as an overdress,

and so make up the costume. And thus I essayed for the first time the part of *Lady Macbeth*, fortunately to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and all the members of the company."

The season ended, she sailed for Philadelphia on her way to New York. Presently she had entered into a three years' engagement with Mr. Hamblin, the manager of the Bowery Theatre, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week for the first year, thirty-five for the second year, and forty-five for the third. Mr. Hamblin had received excellent accounts of the actress from his friend, Mr. Barton of New Orleans, and had heard her rehearse scenes from *Macbeth*, *Jane Shore*, *Venice Preserved*, *The Stranger*, &c. To enable her to obtain a suitable wardrobe, he became security for her with his tradespeople, deducting five dollars a week from her salary until the debt was satisfied. All promised well; independence seemed secured at last. Mrs. Cushman was sent for from Boston; she gave up her boarding-house and hastened to her daughter. Miss Cushman writes: "I got a situation for my eldest brother in a store in New York. I left my only sister in charge of a half-sister in Boston, and I took my youngest brother with me." But rheumatic fever seized the actress; she was able to act for a few nights only, and her dream of good fortune came to a disastrous close. "The Bowery Theatre was burned to the ground, with all my wardrobe, all my debt upon it, and my three years' contract ending in smoke." Grievously distressed, but not disheartened, with her family dependent upon her exertions, she accepted an engagement at the principal theatre in Albany, where she remained five months acting all the leading characters. In September, 1837, she entered into an engagement, which endured for three years, with the manager of the Park Theatre, New York. She was required to fulfil the duties of "walking lady" and "general utility," at a salary of twenty dollars a week.

During this period of her career she performed very many characters, and toiled assiduously at her profession. It was then the custom to afford the public a great variety of performances, to change the plays nightly, and to present two and sometimes three plays upon the same evening. The actors were for ever busy studying new parts; and when they were not performing, they were rehearsing. "It was a time of hard work," writes Miss Stebbins,

"of ceaseless activity, and of hard won and scantily accorded appreciation." Miss Cushman had no choice of parts, she was not the chief actress of the company; she sustained without question all the characters the management assigned to her. Her appearance as Meg Merrilies—she acquired subsequently great fame by her performance of this character—was due to an accident: the illness of Mrs. Chippendale, the actress who usually supported the part. It was in the year 1840; the veteran Braham was to appear as Henry Bertram. A Meg Merrilies had to be improvised. The obscure "utility" actress was called upon to take Mrs. Chippendale's place. She might read the part if she could not commit it to memory; but personate Meg Merrilies after some sort she must. She had never especially noticed the part, but as she stood at the side scene, book in hand, awaiting her moment of entrance, her ear caught the dialogue going on upon the stage between two of the gipsies, conveying the impression that Meg was no more to be feared or respected, that she was no longer in her right mind. This furnished her with a clue to the character, and led her to present upon the stage the weird and startling figure which afterwards became so famous. Of course the first performance was but a sketch of her later portrayals of Meg Merrilies; yet she had made a profound impression. "I had not thought that I had done anything remarkable," she wrote, "and when a knock came at my dressing-room door, and I heard Braham's voice, my first thought was: 'Now what have I done? He is surely displeased with me about something.' Imagine my gratification, when Mr. Braham said: 'Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for the most veritable sensation I have experienced for a long time. I give you my word when I saw you in that first scene I felt a cold chill run all over me. Where have you learned to do anything like that?'"

Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies was not perhaps the Meg Merrilies of Scott, but it was an extraordinary effort of histrionic art; startling in its intense power, its picturesqueness of aspect, and in a certain supernatural quality that seemed attendant upon it. There was something unearthly in the sudden apparition of Meg upon the scene—she had entered with a silent spring to the centre of the stage, and stood motionless, gazing at Harry Bertram;

one bare, gaunt arm outstretched to him, the other bearing a withered stick or bough of a tree. The disguise was complete. The personality of the actress was not to be detected. An artist inquired of the actress: "How do you know where to put in those shadows, and make those lines which so accurately give the effect of age?" "I don't know," she answered; "I only feel where they ought to come." The process of her make-up was likened to "the painting of a face by an old Dutch master, full of delicate and subtle manipulations." Wild locks of grey hair streamed away from the parchment-hued, worn, and withered face; upon her head she wore a turban of twisted rags, "arranged in vague and shadowy semblance to a crown;" her costume, seemingly a mass of incoherent rags and tatters, but full of method and meaning—a bit picked up here, another there, from the strangest materials. How she contrived to assume this strange dress was known only to herself and Sallie, her faithful servant, dresser, and assistant, during the whole course of her theatrical career. "At times," writes her biographer, "with so much wear and tear, some part of the costume would require renewal. The stockings, for example, would wear out, and then no end of trouble would come in preparing another pair, that the exact tint of age and dirt should be attained." This she accomplished by immersing them in a peculiar dye of her own concoction. The opera ended with a dirge, and the actress was thus allowed time to escape from the stage, wash the paint from her face, abandon her head-dress and grey locks, and appear before the curtain, obedient to the call of the house, in her own person, with a pleasant, smiling, intelligent face. She had a woman's desire, perhaps, that the audience should not depart deeming her quite so uncemely of look as she had pretended to be.

During her visits to England, Miss Cushman personated Meg Merrilies more often than any other character. In America she was also famous for her performance of Nancy in a melodrama founded upon *Oliver Twist*; but this part she did not bring with her across the Atlantic. She had first played Nancy during her "general utility" days at the Park Theatre, when the energy and pathos of her acting powerfully affected her audience, and the tradition of her success in the part long "lingered in the memory of managers, and caused them ever and anon, as their business

interests prompted, to bring great pressure to bear upon her for a reproduction of it." Mr. George Vandenhoff, in his *Dramatic Reminiscences*, describes Nancy as Miss Cushman's "greatest part; fearfully natural, dreadfully intense, horribly real."

In the winter of 1842 Miss Cushman undertook the management of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which was then in rather a fallen state. Under her energetic rule, however, the establishment recovered its popularity. "She displayed at that day," writes Mr. George Vandenhoff, who "starred" at the Walnut Street Theatre for six nights to small audiences, "a rude, strong, uncultivated talent. It was not till after she had seen and acted with Mr. Macready—which she did the next season—that she really brought artistic study and finish to her performances." Macready arrived at New York in the autumn of 1843. He notes: "The Miss Cushman, who acted *Lady Macbeth*, interested me much. She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy with me—a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage." She discerned the opportunity for study and improvement presented by Macready's visit, and underwent the fatigue of acting on alternate nights in Philadelphia and New York during the term of his engagement at the Park Theatre. Her own success was very great. She wrote to her mother of her great reception; of her being called out after the play; of the "hats and handkerchiefs waved to me; flowers sent to me," &c. In October, 1844, she sailed for England, in the packet-ship *Garrick*. She had little money with her. A farewell benefit taken in Boston, her native city, had not proved very productive, and she had been obliged "to make arrangements for the maintenance of her family during her absence." And, with characteristic prudence, she left behind her a certain sum, to be in readiness for her, in case failure in England should drive her back to America.

No engagement in London had been offered her, but she received, upon her arrival, a letter from Macready, proposing that she should join a company then being formed to give representations in Paris. She thought it prudent to decline this proposal, however, so as to avoid entering into anything like rivalry with Miss Helen Fancit, the leading actress of the troupe. She visited Paris for a few days, but only to sit among the audience of the best French theatres. She returned to her dull lodgings

in Covent Garden, "awaiting her destiny." She was fond in after years of referring to the struggles and poverty, the hopes and the despair, of her first sojourn in London. Her means were nearly exhausted. Sallie, the dresser, used to relate: "Miss Cushman lived on a mutton-chop a day, and I always bought the baker's dozen of muffins for the sake of the extra one, and we ate them all, no matter how stale they were; and we never suffered from want of appetite in those days." She found herself reduced to her last sovereign, when Mr. Maddox, the manager of the Princess's Theatre, came to her with a proposal. The watchful Sallie reported that he had been walking up and down the street, for some time, early in the morning, too early for a visit. "He is anxious," said Miss Cushman; "I can make my own terms." He wished her to appear with Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, then visiting the London stage for the second and last time. She stipulated that she should have "her opportunity first, and alone;" if successful, she was willing to appear in support of Forrest. So it was agreed.

If Mr. Vandenhoff's account is to be trusted, Miss Cushman had previously addressed herself to Maddox, requesting an engagement. This he had declined; deeming her plainness of face a fatal obstacle to her success upon the stage. But after an interval, employment becoming more than ever necessary to her, she returned to him, armed with letters from persons who were likely to have weight with him, and renewed her application. The manager, however, continued obdurate. "Repulsed, but not conquered, she rose to depart; but as she reached the door she turned and exclaimed: 'I know I have enemies in this country; but'—and here she cast herself on her knees, raising her clenched hand aloft—'so help me Heaven, I'll defeat them!' She uttered this with the energy of *Lady Macbeth*, and the prophetic spirit of *Meg Merrilies*." The manager, convinced of the force of her manner, at any rate, forthwith offered her an engagement. Her first appearance upon the English stage was made on the 14th February, 1845; she assumed the character of Bianca, in Dean Milman's rather dull tragedy of *Fazio*. Her triumph was indisputable. Her intensity and vehemence completely carried away the house. As the pit rose at Kean's *Shylock*, so it rose at Charlotte Cushman's Bianca. She wrote to her mother in America: "All my suc-

cesses put together, since I have been upon the stage, would not come near my success in London." The critics described, as the crowning effort of her performance, the energy, and pathos, and abandonment of her appeal to Aldabella, when the wife sacrifices her pride, and sinks, "huddled into a heap," at the feet of her rival, imploring her to save the life of Fazio. Miss Cushman, speaking of her first performance in London, was wont to relate how she was so completely overcome, not only by the excitement of the scene, but by the nervous agitation of the occasion, that she lost for the moment her self-command, and was especially grateful for the long-continued applause which gave her time to recover herself. When she slowly rose at last and faced the house again, the spectacle of its enthusiasm thrilled and impressed her in a manner she could never forget. The audience were standing; some had mounted on the benches. There was wild waving of hats and handkerchiefs, a storm of cheering, great showering of bouquets.

Her second character in London was Lady Macbeth, to the Macbeth of Edwin Forrest; but the American actor failed to please, and the audience gave free expression to their discontent. Greatly disgusted, Forrest withdrew, deluding himself with the belief that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Miss Cushman's success knew no abatement. She played a round of parts, assisted by James Wallack, Leigh Murray, and Mrs. Stirling, appearing now as Rosalind, now as Juliana in *The Honeymoon*, as Mrs. Haller, as Beatrice, as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Her second season was even more successful than her first. After a long provincial tour she appeared in December, 1845, as Romeo at the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Webster; her sister Susan assuming the character of Juliet. She had sent for her family to share her prosperity, and had established them in a furnished house at Bayswater. Miss Cushman's Romeo was thus described at the time by the late Gilbert à-Beckett in a versified account of the performance:

What figure is that which appears on the scene?  
'Tis Madame Macready—Miss Cushman, I mean.  
What a wondrous resemblance! the walk on the toes,  
The eloquent, short, intellectual nose;  
The bend of the knee, the slight sneer of the lip,  
The frown on the forehead, the hand on the hip.  
In the chin, in the voice, 'tis the same to a tittle,  
Miss Cushman is Mister Macready in little.  
The lady before us might very well pass  
For the gentleman viewed the wrong way of the glass.

No fault with the striking resemblance we find,  
'Tis not in the person alone, but the mind, &c. &c.

This likeness to Macready—a likeness which applied not merely to features and "trick of face," but also to attitude and gesture, tone of voice and method of elocution—had been from the first observed; and no doubt gained force when the actress personated a male character. Charlotte Cushman owned Macready's depression of nose, breadth and prominence of brow, and protrusion of chin. Hers was certainly a plain face; although her eyes—blue, or dark grey, in colour—were large and luminous; her hair was abundant, and of a fine chestnut hue; her complexion was clear, and her expression strikingly intelligent, mobile, and intense. She was tall of stature, angular of form, and certainly masculine in the boldness and freedom of her movements. Her success as Romeo was very great. The tragedy was played for eighty nights. Her performance won applause even from those most opposed to the representation of Shakespeare's hero by a woman. For a time her intense earnestness of speech and manner, the passion of her interviews with Juliet, the fury of her combat with Tybalt, the despair of her closing scenes, bore down all opposition, silenced criticism, and excited her audience to an extraordinary degree. She appeared afterwards—but not in London—as Hamlet, following an unfortunate example set by Mrs. Siddons; and as Ion in Talfourd's tragedy of that name. In America, towards the close of her career, she even ventured to appear as Cardinal Wolsey—obtaining great applause by her exertions in the character, and the skill and force of her impersonation. But histrionic feats of this kind trespass against good taste, do violence to the intentions of the dramatist, and are, in truth, departures from the purpose of playing. Miss Cushman had for excuse—in the first instance, at any rate—her anxiety to forward the professional interests of her sister; who, it must be said, had little qualification for the stage apart from her good looks and her graces of manner. The sisters had played together in Philadelphia in *The Genoese*—a drama written by a young American—when, to give support and encouragement to Susan in her personation of the heroine, Charlotte undertook the part of her lover. Their success prompted them to appear in *Romeo and Juliet*. Other plays were afterwards selected—such, for instance, as *Twelfth Night*—Charlotte playing Viola to the Olivia of Susan—in which both could appear; so

that the engagement of one might compel the engagement of the other. Susan, however, quitted the stage in 1847, to become the wife of Dr. Sheridan Muspratt of Liverpool.

Charlotte Cushman called few new plays into being. Dramas, entitled *Infatuation*, by James Kenny, 1845, and *Duchess Elinour* by the late H. F. Chorley, 1854, were produced for her, but were summarily condemned by the audience, being scarcely permitted indeed a second performance in either case. Otherwise, she did not add to her repertory. For many years she led the life of a "star," fulfilling brief engagements here and there, appearing now for a term in London, and now travelling through the provinces, playing some half-a-dozen characters over and over again. Of these, *Lady Macbeth*, *Queen Katherine*, and *Meg Merrilies* were perhaps the most frequently demanded. Her fame and fortune she always dated from the immediate recognition she obtained upon her first performance in London. But she made frequent visits to America; indeed, she crossed the Atlantic "upwards of sixteen times," says her biographer. In 1854, she took a house in Bolton Row, Mayfair, "where for some years she dispensed the most charming and genial hospitality," and, notably, entertained Ristori on her first visit to England in 1856. Several winters she passed in Rome, occupying apartments in the *Via Gregoriana*, where she cordially received a host of friends and visitors of all nations. In 1859 she was called to England by her sister's fatal illness; in 1866 she was again summoned to England to attend the deathbed of her mother. In 1860 she was playing in all the chief cities of America. Three years later she again visited America, her chief object being to act for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and aid the sick and wounded, victims of the civil war. During the late years of her life, she appeared before the public more as a dramatic reader than as an actress. There were long intervals between her theatrical engagements; she seemed to quit her profession only to return to it after an interval with renewed appetite, and she incurred reproaches because of the frequency of her farewells, and the doubt that prevailed as to whether her "last appearances" were really to be the "very last." Yet it is curious to note that at a very early period in her career she contemplated its termination; in the first instance because of the disappoint-

ments she had incurred, and afterwards by reason of her great good fortune. "You talk of quitting the profession in a year," her firm friend Colley Grattan, consul and novelist, writes to her in 1842; "I expect to see you stand very high indeed in it by that time. You must neither write nor think nor speak in the mood that beset you three days ago." And immediately after her first appearance in London, in 1845, she wrote to her mother: "I have given myself five years more, and I think at the end of that time I will have fifty thousand dollars to retire upon; that will, if well invested, give us a comfortable home for the rest of our lives, and a quiet corner in some respectable graveyard." It was not until 1874, however, that she took final leave of the New York stage, amid extraordinary enthusiasm, with many poetic and other ceremonies. She was the subject of addresses in prose and verse. She was presented with a laurel wreath bound with white ribbon, resting upon a purple velvet cushion, upon which an inscription was embroidered in golden letters; a torch-bearing procession escorted her from the theatre to her hotel; she was serenaded at midnight; and in her honour Fifth Avenue blazed with fireworks. After this came farewells to Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, and to these succeeded readings all over the country. It is to be said, however, that incessant work had become a necessity with her; not because of its pecuniary results, but as a means of obtaining mental relief, or comparative forgetfulness for a season. During the last five or six years of her life she was afflicted with an incurable and agonising malady; vainly she sought aid from medicine, from the German baths, from surgical operations under the advice of Sir James Simpson and Sir James Paget. She possessed originally a powerful constitution, with most indomitable courage; she knew that she had returned to her native land to die there. But she resolved to contest inch by inch the advance of death, and to make what remained to her of life as useful and valuable as might be, both to herself and to others. Under most painful conditions she toiled unceasingly, moving rapidly from place to place, and passing days and nights in railway journeys. In a letter to a friend, she writes: "I do get so dreadfully depressed about myself, and all things seem so hopeless to me at those times, that I pray God to take me quickly at any moment, so that I may not torture

those I love by letting them see my pain. But when the dark hour passes, and I try to forget by constant occupation that I have such a load near my heart, then it is not so bad." She died almost painlessly at last on the 18th February, 1876; even so late as the 3rd February she had been speaking of the possibility of her journeying to California to give a long promised series of readings there. She was buried at Mount Auburn—she had expressed her wishes in this respect, and had even selected her pall-bearers, and ordered all the details of her funeral—within sight of her "dear Boston," as she called it; while admitting that in her native city "they never believed in me so much as they did elsewhere," and bestowed but niggard patronage upon her early benefits. Boston, however, duly honoured the later years, and cherishes the memory of the actress: the house in which she was born is now a public building devoted to educational purposes, and bears the name of the Cushman School.

Charlotte Cushman may assuredly be accounted an actress of genius in right of her originality, her vivid power of depicting emotion, the vehemence and intensity of her histrionic manner. Her best successes were obtained in tragedy, although she possessed a keen sense of humour, and could deliver the witty speeches of Rosalind or of Beatrice with excellent point and effect. Her Meg Merrilies will probably be remembered as her most impressive achievement; it was really, as she played it, a character of her own invention; but, in truth, it taxed her intellectual resources far less than her Bianca, her Queen Katherine, or her Lady Macbeth. Her physical peculiarities no doubt limited the range of her efforts, hindered her advance as an actress, or urged her towards exceptional impersonations; her performances lacked femininity, to use Coleridge's word; but in power to stir an audience, to touch their sympathies, to kindle their enthusiasm, and compel their applause, she takes rank among the finest players. And Miss Stebbins's fervid and affecting biography of her friend admirably demonstrates that the woman was not less estimable than the actress; that Charlotte Cushman was of noble character, intellectual, large and tender-hearted, of exemplary conduct in every respect. The simple, direct earnestness of her manner upon the mimic scene characterised her proceedings in real life.

She was at once the slave and the benefactress of her family; she was devotedly fond of children; she was of liberal and generous nature; she was happiest when conferring kindnesses upon others; her career abounded in self-sacrifice. She pretended to few accomplishments, to little cultivation of a literary sort; but she could write, as Miss Stebbins proves, excellent letters, now grave, now gay, now reflective, now descriptive, always interesting, and altogether remarkable for sound sense, and for force and skill of expression. Her death was regarded in America almost as a national catastrophe. As Miss Stebbins writes, "the press of the entire country bore witness to her greatness, and laid their tributes upon her tomb."

#### PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

##### I.

JUST seven years it is since Dick and I first packed our boxes for Switzerland—at least, since I packed them, while Dick sat on the edge of the table in his cricketer flannels, contributing his quota in the suggestion of all sorts of impossible and ridiculous additions to our travelling wardrobe. We should have been a large party then, as well as a merry one, for not only was poor dear father still alive, and Alice unmarried, but both the boys were at home, and a friend of Dick's, young Horace Neville, had come "down," as he called it, from Oxford with him, and was going with us. But we never started. Something, I forget what, occurred just at the last moment to postpone the journey, first for a week, then for a month, then as the year drew on, to next season. And before next season came, our happy party was broken up, and all thoughts of Switzerland at an end. It was in the bitter March winds that poor father caught the cold which we vainly tried to persuade him to nurse; and by the time the treacherous April sun was shining upon his grave, we knew why it was that he had insisted on struggling on till the struggle had ended in costing him his life. We did not reproach his memory, dear old man, even in our thoughts. It was for our sakes, not his own, that he wished to double at a stroke the property, which, as it stood, would have left us all, not exactly rich, perhaps, but quite sufficiently well off. And if the speculation into which he was induced to plunge not only failed in doing this, but swallowed up every sixpence that would otherwise have been ours, that was

not his fault, but that of the treacherous friend, who took advantage of his want of knowledge of business to persuade him into it.

However, I must not linger over that part of my story, which has nothing to do with our Swiss tour of this summer, except that, as I once more worked away at stowing the shirts and socks, whilst Dick sat again upon the table, this time with a pipe in his hand instead of a cricket-bat, I couldn't help thinking for a moment of that first packing, and heaving just the ghost of a sigh at the remembrance of all that followed. But that is all past now. Enough that, after the first stunning effect of the news that we were penniless had passed away, we all settled down pretty quickly in our new grooves. As for good advice, our relations on both sides of the house kindly supplied us with any quantity of that; whilst aid of a somewhat more practical and substantial description came from quarters whence, in our youthful ignorance of the droll ways of human nature, we should never have thought of looking for it.

Old Mr. Mackintosh, the great railway contractor, who had been a thorn in papa's side ever since he came into the parish, came blustering into the house the very day after the news first got abroad; seized bodily upon Jack, the youngest but one of us, vowed nature had always intended him for an engineer, took him into his own office, and is paying him now a handsome salary on some one or other of his wonderful works in South America. Jim Sanders, in whose boat we used to go out fishing, came up stammering and clearing his throat, and smoothing down his grizzled forelock, as he reminded us how fond Harry was of the sea, and told us as how his old owners owed him a turn for that little job out among the islands, and had offered, if so be as we wouldn't be offended, to take the boy without any premium as midshipman in one of their big Calcutta ships, of which Harry now hopes to be captain in time. As for Dick and me, we meant to keep together—at all events, till one or other of us got married, which both agreed was the last thing likely to occur. Poor Dick had to take his name off the books of Lincoln's Inn, for his caution-money was all there was with which to start the whole of us. But the captain of the county town eleven, to which our village club administered such a thrashing the summer before, and who had taken a

fancy to Dick from the way in which he had scattered his bails with the first ball of the second over, gave him an introduction to a friend on the London press, through whose aid Dick, assisted by my own little salary as telegraph operator, managed to provide us both, first with bread and cheese, then with more substantial, if not more delicate diet. And so things went on, till last Christmas Dick made a hit. A story of his in *The Universal Review* had somehow hit the taste both of the critics and of the public. A second edition of the January number had had to be printed. Half-a-dozen other editors had written to suggest that he should contribute something to their pages. The first of the new stories had turned out even more successful than its predecessor, and Dick's way was clear before him at last.

"Dolly," said he, one evening, slapping down triumphantly before me a slip of pink paper, which represented the proceeds of his last contribution to *The Universal*, and which would raise the little balance standing in our joint names in the savings-bank to the very respectable figure of one hundred and forty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings and ninepence—"Dolly, after next week I'll be hanged if I do another murder for a month!"

I should have been more startled by this announcement had I not been aware that he was speaking simply in his professional character as reporter to *The Daily Phonograph*. Still, after working on for more than five years without a day's break, except on Sunday and so forth, the sudden suggestion of a whole month's holiday almost took away one's breath. My sewing-machine ceased chattering, the shirt that I was making for him slipped quietly to the ground, and I sat and gaped at him idiotically.

Dick laughed, and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Quite true, old fellow," he cried—he had got into a way of calling me "old fellow," which would have sorely shocked some of our good aunts and cousins if they had not, fortunately for all of us, quite fallen of late out of the way of remembering our existence—"quite true, Dolly. I've got plenty of orders for work now. We've enough laid by for any sudden accident. It'll pay us both to take a spell; and where do you think I have made up my mind that we shall take it?"

I sat and gaped at him still for a moment or two. My ideas of an "outing" had grown cramped in these last hard-

working years, and could not expand themselves with the masculine rapidity of his. Primrose Hill?—Richmond Park?—the river?—Crystal Palace? None of these seemed exactly the spot for a whole month's holiday. Then suddenly an idea flashed across me, and, jumping up at the imminent risk of upsetting the sewing-machine altogether, I clapped my hands together, and cried out, "Switzerland!"

Dick laughed again, and the next minute his arm was round my waist, and we were spinning round the little room in a sort of delirious waltz, to the utter discomfiture of the furniture and fittings.

By-and-by we stopped, picked up the chairs, reassured our landlady, who had rushed breathless up the kitchen stairs in full conviction of a sudden attack of insanity on the part of her ground-floor lodgers, and sat down to a serious consultation over the programme of our projected tour.

The first point was as to the amount of cloth available for our coat; and this we at once decide shall be the "odd money." A hundred pounds we will leave untouched in the bank as a reserve against the proverbial rainy day; so we have just forty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings and ninepence, or exactly twenty-three pounds, seventeen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny apiece.

"A pound a day father used to reckon it," says Dick, "and there were no railways in their time."

But then, on the other hand, we remember they used to travel in quite different fashion, sleeping a night or two on their way to Paris, and taking at least a fortnight on their leisurely journey thence to Bâle. Now, as I sagely observe, people must eat, drink, and sleep just the same, whether they travel twenty miles in the day or two hundred; but it makes all the difference in the world in the daily expenses, whether the cost of the two hundred miles travelling is spread over ten days or one. Whereupon Dick compliments me upon being a Colenso in petticoats, and we arrive at the joint conclusion that any conclusion at which we might arrive would not improbably be fallacious, and that, in simpler phrase, we had better see about it to-morrow.

What a different world it is to-morrow, when, after travelling uncounted miles by wrong trains without a ticket, crossing unnumbered seas on the deck of my wicker dress-basket, and climbing infinite Alps in

the light costume ordinarily appropriated to the hours of slumber, the roar of an avalanche over the Mer de Glace awakens me to the fact that Elizabeth Hann has bin a 'ammerin' at my door for the last ten minutes, and that if I don't look precious sharp I shan't have no time for breakfuss afore the 'bus comes by! Breakfast! Good gracious! What is breakfast to a young woman who a week hence will be taking her *déjeuner à la fourchette* among the Alps? As for being short of time, so much the better. We shall often have to dress against time in this wonderful journey on which we are going, and the sooner one gets into practice the better. I am not quite sure whether it may not be as well to pack up sponge and tooth-brush and hair-brush, and so forth, as each is done with, just to get into the way of it!

Whether I get to the office by way of Geneva or of Bâle, I really do not know. But I do get there somehow, and the familiar old tap, tap, tap, begins once more as I send off message after message, now announcing the sudden death of husband or mother; now bidding the wife at home despatch an instant messenger with the bunch of keys left in the grey trousers pocket; now ordering or counter-ordering, in briefest possible terms, the purchase or sale of so many thousand pounds' worth of stocks or shares; now flashing along the wire, in equally laconic phrase, the command for "Dinner—seven sharp. Salmon!" As a rule, despite my five years' habitation, I take rather a lively interest in these little flying glimpses of my neighbours' affairs. To-day, my instrument knows quite as much about them as I do, till suddenly I awake with something of a shock, to a consciousness of the fact that Mr. John Smith, whose affectionate wife I have just bidden to meet him at Interlachen on Monday next, really desires that delightful reunion to take place in the less romantic, but nearer neighbourhood of Islington. And then I pull myself together, and finally dismiss Switzerland from my mind till the day's work shall be over, devoutly trusting the while that my wandering wits may not prove to have introduced in the last hour or two any further unnecessary complications into the affairs of men.

It is rather a relief when the day comes to an end without any irate demands for the repetition of incomprehensible messages. And by this time everybody in the

instrument-room knows what is the matter with me; and though some of them pretend to be serenely amused at my excitement over such a trifle as a run through Switzerland—with one's brother, too!—I am quite sure they would, any of them, be only too delighted with the chance. One practical piece of counsel I get, at all events, out of the Babel of suggestions which fills up all the unemployed moments of the afternoon. And that is, "Go to Gawk." I am not particularly fond of the young lady who gives it, and who does not increase my love for her by the view she takes of my proposed chaperonage by Dick. But there, it is beyond doubt that, as she herself puts it, "she knows her way about," and equally so that if I "want to see all the fun of the fair" that is the only way to do it; and that if we have to look out for ourselves, such a pair of innocents as Dick and I must be will never get any farther than "Bullong." Now I don't know that I particularly want to see what Loo Williams calls all the fun of the fair. But I do decidedly wish to get very much farther than Boulogne. So on my way home I call in at Messrs. Gawks', and ask for a programme of Swiss Tours, and for twopence I obtain a large pamphlet of forty-four closely-printed pages, with a gorgeous picture of the "Chief Gawk's Offices," and a somewhat bewildering frontispiece, representing, apparently, a young lady in a flannel-petticoat hailing a passing steamer; and a plump young sphinx taking an airing on camel-back, and looking out of the corners of her eyes at a group of Italian peasants, seated right in the track of what looks like a gigantic cruet-stand, with only the vinegar cruet in it, rushing swiftly down a semi-circular railway from the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo. Then, to make matters quite sure, I invest another shilling in a book of Continental Time Tables, and finally, as I turn away, my eye is caught by a very small, very thin, green volume, bearing on its side the fascinating legend, "Travelling and its Requirements. Addressed to Ladies. By a Lady." That surely must be the very thing I require. A shilling seems certainly rather a high price for a hundred small pages of large type. But one doesn't go to Switzerland every day, so I add the little green volume to my purchases, and hurry off before I am tempted to any further literary extravagance.

When I get home Dick has not yet arrived, and I plunge at once into my own

particular little green volume, not altogether, I am afraid, without a mean idea of assimilating the valuable advice it contains before that stern economist shall make his appearance. I am a little startled on opening the book hap-hazard, to get my first golden maxim in the shape of a strong recommendation to make a little tour of—the world, and see for myself the condition of my brethren in foreign lands, so that on returning I may "use my powerful influence in forwarding MISSIONARY WORK, and be able to speak all the more eloquently in this righteous cause from personal experience of even a short duration." It is a relief to find, on glancing a few lines further back, that this very serious suggestion is made not to me, but only to "the very large number of ladies who have bountiful means, and whose daily complaint is lack of occupation." I am not quite sure that "sixteen days spent in America, visiting all the principal points of interest; two days in Japan, doing ditto; a possible but doubtful sojourn in China, of sufficient length to get from Hong Kong to Canton and back; a day at Singapore, and so forth, would very much have enlarged my powerful influence in forwarding missionary work, even in the days when I had bountiful means. At present, the mere preliminary process of "combining the outfit suggested for America with that for the south of France, adding a proportionate amount of under-clothing, and one extra woollen costume for steam-boat wear," would decidedly leave me with what Dick calls a minus quantity of coin, wherewith to pay the cost of this little seven months' missionary expedition round the world.

Recovering my breath as quickly as possible, I make a dash to the very end of the book, and find myself suddenly confronted with—a list of her Majesty's household. This part of my travelling experiences, however, is complete. I took my personally conducted tour among the gold sticks and silver sticks half-a-dozen years ago, and right glad was I when it was over, and I had backed safely out of the Presence without throwing a back somersault over my train. So I try back, and come upon another highly recommended tour—to the Arctic Circle. I find, however, that "the chief diversion in this region consists in watching the gambols of whales, dolphins, and numerous other specimens of the finny tribe," and remain untempted. Wherewith I abandon

all discouraging research, and set myself steadily to begin at the beginning.

And here my lady adviser and myself are quite in accord. "As surely," she exclaims, "as spring succeeds winter, and leaves and blossoms burst upon lately barren trees, do we dwellers in cities and towns long to fly to the open country, so as to enjoy life to the utmost of our power. Happy are those whose purses and occupations allow them immediately to obey this impulse, and to imbibe a new draught of health from nature's ever-bubbling fountain."

My own views exactly, only much more beautifully put than I could ever hope to put them. And then, more delightful still, comes the welcome assurance that "fortunately travelling has become a comparatively inexpensive luxury," and I begin to speculate whether, under these improved circumstances, we may not, perhaps, add Italy to our programme. So intoxicating is the notion that I spin my little green friend joyously to the ceiling, and clap my hands half-a-dozen times before it comes down again. When it does come down my effervescence comes down also with some rapidity, for it opens at an ominous little paragraph headed "Expenses," from which I learn, to my dismay, that "These may be calculated to average, with economy, including railway fares and hotel bills, from twenty-five to thirty-five shillings per day for each person." This is what Dick, who of course chooses this most malapropos moment for his appearance, calls "a facer," and our physiognomies lengthen. It is some little satisfaction to find that our adviser's views on the subject of economy are, to say the least, of a liberal kind, and not altogether incapable of compression. The daily average, for instance, is probably not lowered by her conviction that, though attendance is usually charged for in hotel bills, a few francs given to the servants is "a splendid investment;" whilst our own ideas of roughing it have become, after the last few years' experience, of a severer cast than is implied by the advice to take "as many wraps as can conveniently be strapped together," or the urgent recommendation to take "a small lunch basket, fully fitted with knives, large and small forks, glass, plates, and napkins." This, our adviser tells us, "can always be replenished with cold viands, wine, &c., at a very small cost from any hotel, and as the distance is often great between the railway buffets, will be found a real

pleasure and comfort to refresh exhausted nature when required; nothing adding to the fatigue of travelling so much as hunger and thirst. A little fruit," also she thinks, "should not be forgotten;" and on the whole, we begin to hope that if this be the basis of our lady adviser's calculations, we may manage not so seriously to exceed the traditional pound a day, after all.

But it is clear we shall have to be economical in earnest. So we put our lady adviser on one side as too grand in her ideas for us, and turn to our twopenny Excursionist as likely to offer suggestions more in accord with our limited means.

And here indeed we find a perfect maelstrom of suggestions for some rambles, long and short, over every portion of the excursionist's globe. We should have been grateful, indeed, if the omniscient compiler would, in the absence of an index, have classed his wanderings in a somewhat more comprehensible fashion. Alton Towers seems somehow to have got mixed up, now with the Paris Exhibition, now with the Channel Islands, and the Flushing route to the Continent. The route through Cumberland and Westmoreland leads us by way of the West of England to Paris again; to which, with a little interlude of Belgium and Holland, are devoted four whole pages, in which special express services that take only thirteen hours by way of Dover and Calais (!) and personally conducted excursions, and weekly excursions which are apparently not personally conducted, but only "accompanied by conductors" of some unexplainedly impersonal description, and other excursions still which are personally conducted, but which travel on the same days, by the same routes, and at the same hours, alternate with little advertisements of "Gawk's Exhibition Boarding-House," and "Gawk's Guide to Paris," and tables of fares from provincial stations to London and back, and four-in-hand carriage drives to battlefields and Prussian cemeteries, and so forth, till my poor head begins fairly to buzz, and it is with a little shriek of relief that I turn to the next page and find it headed with the welcome words, "Cheap Excursion to Paris and Switzerland." At Last!

"Here we are, Dick! 'Cheap Personally Conducted Excursion to Paris and Switzerland, including Neuchâtel, Berne, Lausanne, Martigny, Chamounix, Geneva, &c., with hotel accommodation, &c. &c. Leaving London on——'"

"Well?" says Dick, looking up, pencil in hand, from the calculations he has been for the last ten minutes diligently making on the back of one of the neat little maps in the railway book.

"Leaving London," I continue in a much less exultant tone, "on Saturday, 24th June; intending passengers to register their names by paying a deposit of five pounds one week before."

"Which," observes Dick, dryly, "as this happens to be the somethingth of July, we had better set about doing pretty soon."

"But there is nothing more about Switzerland, Dick," I reply dolorously. "The next thing is a list of fares from Manchester and Liverpool and all sorts of places to Antwerp and Hamburg."

"Bosh!" says Dick, returning to his calculations.

And indeed I find that it is bosh, for on the very next page comes another personally conducted tour to Paris and Switzerland, including the Bernese Oberland and Chamounix, and leaving London—good gracious! leaving London on precisely the same day as the other. So, too, does the next, which to the attractions of Switzerland adds those of Belgium, the Rhine, and the Black Forest, but which, like its predecessors, labours under the slight drawback of being already about half-way on its journey by the time my twopence has been laid out upon the information. And then we have seemingly done with Switzerland altogether, and wander disconsolate about Norway and Sweden till the "Seventh Annual Tour round the World" brings us back once more to Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and so forth.

By this time I seem to have got into a sort of ghastly dream, and am not in the least surprised when Dick suddenly looks up from his railway book and asks, not without severity:

"If it is sixty-six miles from Boulogne to Abbeville, how many miles from Abbeville to Boulogne?"

"Sixty-six," I reply, feeling quite sure beforehand that the answer will be wrong. And wrong it is. The distance from Abbeville to Boulogne, according to our railway-book, is forty-eight miles and a half.

"If it is fifteen miles from Creil to Paris," pursues Dick, "how many from Paris to Creil?"

I reply "Thirty" at a venture.

"Wrong again," says Dick; "thirty-three. Take another line. Forty-nine

miles from Mantes to Rouen—how many from Rouen to Mantes? Why, fifty, of course. Fifteen from Rouen to Cleres—how many from Cleres to Rouen?"

I shake my head in silent despair.

And then for a minute or two we look at each other, book in hand, and Dick laughs, and I feel more than half inclined to do the other thing. At last—

"Dick," I say, "after all, it doesn't matter how far it is from anywhere to anywhere else."

"From the abstract point of view?" rejoins Dick. "Certainly not."

"From our point of view," I reply stoutly. "All we want to know is how to get there, and what it will cost; so give me the railway book like a good boy, and amuse yourself with the Excursionist while I make out the journey."

"Two penn'orth!" says Dick, and grins sardonically, as he gives me the guide, and, lighting his pipe, throws himself at full length upon our little horse-hair sofa, and applies himself to the study of the Excursionist.

I close my ears to the covert sarcasm, and devote myself diligently to the pages of the guide.

At the first glance I see that one of my main troubles is at an end. The volcanic convulsion, which in the previous volume appears to have mixed up Europe, Asia, Africa, and America in one excursionary chaos, has not made itself felt here, or at least only in a very mild degree. England and Belgium and Switzerland are a little mixed just at first; the Flushing route seems as usual a little uncertain as to its legitimate position, and thrusts itself anxiously in wherever an opening seems to offer. The line of demarcation, too, between Holland and Germany seems, as I observe, drawn with a vagueness which must be more pleasing to Prince von Bismarck than to the ordinary traveller; nor is it quite so clear as might be wished to my limited geographical capacity which of the Austrian railways it is that conveys passengers via Berlin from Aix-la-Chapelle to Dresden—from Berlin to St. Petersburg or Moscow—from Altona to Vamdrup, or from either Ostend, Calais, or Rotterdam, to either Hanover, Leipzig, or Bâle. This, however, is a detail. Northern Europe is Northern Europe at all events, and the trifling distinction still existing between Holland and Denmark, and Germany and German Austria, will not—or so Dick says—last long enough at the rate things are

going at present, to make it worth while to perpetuate their memory in a monthly railway guide. And when, by way of the Norwegian railways and Danubian steamers, we make our way fairly into France, our geographical troubles are at an end. As for the maps, they are capital, and if they were only stitched in ordinary fashion, would be simply perfect. Dick, who is in an aggravating mood, tells me it is just like a girl to criticise the stitching. But I do maintain that when you want to trace your route from Dieppe to Paris, it is inconvenient to have the map so fastened in that you can only just see the "D" of the one and the "is" of the other, and have almost to tear it out altogether before you can get a glimpse of the line even as far as Louviers. There are mysterious trains, too, here and there, early in the morning or late at night, which nothing short of absolute dislocation would disinter from their hiding places; whilst the interesting district about Lucerne is buried bodily out of sight as by a map-quake. But the notion of printing the names of the station in the middle of the page, and making the trains in one direction run up one side, and those in the other direction run down the other, is ingenious, and, after a few hours' practice, really quite comprehensible. It is a little puzzling perhaps when, as is the case in the page with which I have more particularly to do, the first two tables regard the journey, so to speak, from the point of view of the outward, while the third looks at it from that of the homeward traveller. When, after working from station to station down the left-hand columns from Calais to Paris, you look to the next table to compare with the result thus obtained the opposition route between Dieppe and Paris, it does seem a trifle hard that you should have to cross the page and work your way upward along the right-hand columns. But this again is a detail. And apart from this, and from the maddening confusion occasioned after a time by the too-ingenuous plan of printing in dark or light type, not the hours "A.M." and "P.M.," but those on either side of six o'clock in the morning, so that you have to follow two constantly varying systems of indications instead of one, it is a compact little book enough; and if it does not profess to give quite so much information as Bradshaw, presents what it does give in certainly a more accessible form.

"All right, Dolly," says Dick—as, after

an hour or so of diligent study, I proclaim this opinion as the result of my examination—"all right, Dolly. And now how about the Dieppe route?"

"Well," I answer a little less confidently, "the table gives the latest train at thirteen minutes past six P.M., and on the outside cover it says that the night express leaves at eight P.M., and you must look for further particulars in the monthly time-books."

"Isn't that a monthly time-book?"

"Yes—for July."

"Then look at it, goose."

"I have. From 'July, 1878,' to 'James Allport, General Manager.'"

"And——?"

"And there isn't a word about it from beginning to end."

Five minutes after the landlady comes panting in with a bottle of salts and another of sal volatile, under the firm conviction that miss is in a fit of the 'stericks. Whereupon we leave off laughing, and look one another in the face a little blankly.

"Now, look here, young woman," says Dick, severely, when worthy Mrs. Bone-scraper has at length retired again among her blackbeetles, "you have been and gone and made a mess of it. Now to-morrow I shall go to the 'Chief Gawk's Offices' myself. I shall not pay that chieftain twopence, and I shall get all the information I require."

"Will you, Dick?" say I.

"I will, Dolly," he replies.

And he does. When I get home I find him surrounded by a chaos of his belongings and mine, smoking his pipe like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and triumphantly waving in either hand a small, square, green book with pink leaves.

"Dolly!" he cries, "embrace your talented brother, and pack up like fun. We're going to be personally conducted from Bâle to Mont Blanc!"

#### PARIS ANTI-EXHIBITIONISTS.

THE grand new Exhibition of the Trocadero, beyond all question the most splendid of such shows on record, is not without its opponents and its ill-wishers. And these are, if not exactly legion, at least of a triple category: the Legitimist nobility, the French Catholic priesthood, and the journalists of Paris. These oddly-allied enemies are not, perhaps, very formidable, but they do contrive to give annoyance,

and to injure the prosperity of the colossal enterprise on which Paris and France have lavished their gold like water.

What quarrel the ancient French aristocracy has with the Exhibition of 1878, it would seem at first sight difficult to say. It is, however, collectively, of a peevish humour, and not easily amused, or given to much enthusiasm on account of the marvels of science or industry. French nobles have never quite forgiven the bourgeoisie that in 1793 grew rich by the cheap purchase of confiscated lands, and, above all, M. le Marquis and M. le Vicomte are, like other town-bred Frenchmen, very much under the influence of the ladies of their families. And the ladies of the great families of France are heart and soul under the yoke of their Ultramontane confessors.

Why the priests, again, should be active enemies and vehement opponents of the Paris Exhibition, is a question that an outsider might be puzzled to solve. They, at any rate, have no social sympathies with the well-dressed epicureans, who, from the gilded balconies of the Jockey Club, sneer at the crowd below. Out of a hundred French priests, ninety-nine are the sons of peasant farmers. They retain a good deal, in despite of seminary training, of rustic simplicity. They will laugh like children at the merest trifle, and are only too obsequiously anxious to avoid giving offence. Left to themselves, the impression which they would have formed of the Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, would have been that it was a cross between a glorified bazaar, and the realisation of an Eastern fairy tale.

Unfortunately, the present Exhibition in France puts itself forward as the unconscious rival of the numerous pilgrimages that have for the last ten or twelve years constituted an important episode in Gallic national life. A pilgrimage is, to one-half of the French population, what a popular excursion train is amongst large classes of our own society. These trains are advertised, twice or thrice a month, in flaming type, throughout the chief provincial towns of France, sometimes with quaint addenda as to the feet of first-class pilgrims being kept peculiarly warm by the aid of hot water, and sometimes with pledges for the security of second-class pilgrims' luggage. There is always some miraculous grotto, some healing fountain, some holy shrine, for the goal of the journey. There are relics to be bought, fees to be paid, hotel bills to

be wrangled over; and the amount of money thus spent in France is very considerable.

Protection is not a theory confined to manufactured goods alone. Throughout France, wherever a miraculous Madonna, a health-giving chapel of St. Anne, or a portentous cave, fount, or shrine, exists, the superb beadle, with hat cocked, laced, and plumed, in gorgeous livery, armed with silver-hilted sword, and wielding a gold-headed cane, is up in arms against the mushroom exhibition of this year's palace of industry. "It will spoil my season," says the hero of the cocked hat, unwittingly using the language of some alarmed lodginghouse-keeper at Ramsgate or Worthing. But the self-seeking beadle is not left alone in his glory. The priests, the churchwardens, the faithful nuns, seminarists, spinsters, and provincial noblesse, follow his lead as implicitly as if they had an interest in every franc he pockets.

Several French newspapers, exclusively read in religious circles, describe the Paris Exhibition as the road to perdition, and point out that no true Christian can enter it without mortal sin, and that no child can be taken within its precincts without serious jeopardy to that child's eternal welfare. It appears that pagan rites are surreptitiously practised at the Trocadero. Glittering idols, we are told, have been set up, and a golden calf, in especial, has been erected for purposes of worship, under the express sanction of the French Government.

A golden calf! The accusation was so extraordinary that Parisian journalists fairly forgot their own grudge against the maligned Exhibition, and hunted high and low, in the most single-minded manner possible, to find the groundwork for so remarkable a statement. At last, by the exhaustive process, the insidious idol was found. The golden calf turned out to be a gilded bull—the bull that adorns the fountain near the Japanese Section—surely as harmless a bronze bull as ever was cast, lacquered, and gilt, for decorative purposes.

It is a pity, no doubt, that the needy nobility of France should sulk in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a pity, too, that violent polemical partisans should scare away a few thousands of excellent, simple-minded French country folk from giving themselves and their children the benefit of witnessing this great triumph of art and industry. The French newspaper writers who have set themselves in oppo-

sition to the World's Show, cannot disguise that their motive is one of pique. A Parisian journalist, it must be remembered, is taught to consider himself a much greater personage than the writers of our own best leading articles. He chaffers with ministers. He is ostentatiously a power in the State. He is used, like Mr. Hannibal Chollop, to be "cracked up," and in this instance the promoters of the grand Exhibition have, perhaps unwisely, omitted to propitiate the literary Cerberus of France with dinners, bonbons, bank-notes, bouquets, and champagne—sops, the lack of which is resented.

Priests, duchesses, and men of letters can do very little to mar the fair fortunes of the new Exhibition. The thriving, pushing, clear-headed commercial classes of France, to whom the idea of the huge fair owes its origin, may be trusted to see their freshly-launched ship safely into harbour, in defiance of all the reactionary elements which the country contains. An Exhibition, however, like other enterprises, may be discredited by blemishes and shortcomings for which it does not deserve, in strict justice, to be held responsible. The drive to the Trocadero is, beyond denial, long, hot, and dusty. Lodgings in Paris are scarce and dear. Prices of hotel, café, and restaurant fluctuate, as do the rentes of the Petite Bourse. Cabmen are converted into whip-wielding Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man's pocket, and who deride remonstrance, and laugh tariffs to scorn. Touts are rampant, and extortion less the exception than the rule. And thus from many quarters there arises a smothered growl of discontent.

The Parisian Cave of Adullam gathers its recruits quickly enough. Journalists, marquises, and priests are not allowed a monopoly of gibes and frowns against the big bazaar. The Parisian proper, the great Monsieur Chose himself, the patron of the omnibus, the amateur whose tastes are so carefully catered for by theatrical managers, helps to swell the choros of complaint. He has nothing to exhibit, nothing to puff, no profitable hobby to put through its paces before an admiring crowd. Toil, thrift, and inheritance have made a fundholder of him; and now that he has enough money, and rather too much time on his hands, he cares more to protect his store than, like the father of young Norval, to increase it. High prices produce on him the effect of a scarlet cloak waved before

the eyes of a maddened bull. That provincials and foreigners should be fleeced may be right enough, but that he himself, he, Jules Chose, should be asked to pay thirty sous, where he paid twenty yesterday, is monstrous!

The foreigner himself is not quite so patient a sheep at shearing-time as he was in days when the press was less ubiquitous, and international communication less frequent. It is with sour suspicion that he enters the newly-painted doors of the Grand Hôtel des Ecorcheurs, the lithographed prospectus of which has allured him by the tempting accommodation it promises, in return for a fixed number of daily "schillings Anglais," according to the floor, "extras not to exceed." Unfortunately for the cordial understanding which should exist between visitor and landlord, Mr. Brown soon forms a strong opinion to the effect that extras do exceed. And in this opinion he is confirmed by the utterances of "a Frenchman, sir, one of themselves, who quite agreed with me;" the said Gaul being Alphonse Ledoux, a young married man from the provinces, innocent as a lamb of Parisian wiles, and whose acquaintance Mr. Brown has formed at the table-d'hôte. It was not without vehement opposition from a sort of family council, that Alphonse carried out the project of treating his young wife to a sight of the Exhibition. His grandmother thought he had much better stay quietly at Arçis-sur-Aube. His wife's elderly aunts never tired of repeating the stock warning that, "Paris costs you the eyes out of the head." The curé hoped no harm would come of it. The uncle Hippolyte was dead against it. And now, poor Alphonse, as with weary feet and depleted purse he finds himself in perpetual motion among the expensive pleasures of the capital, begins privately to think that the elders of Arçis-sur-Aube were not so far wrong after all.

Others besides the growling guests at the Hôtel des Ecorcheurs, or the Pension Grigou, Rue de la Carême, where meagre meals are served up to hungry-eyed boarders, and it seems always Friday, have their subjects of discontent. There are those who complain that too tender a regard has been shown for the vested interests of Paris restaurateurs, and that at the Trocadero Palace itself, the fagged waiters would need to be Briarean, and the sandwiches and "bocks" of beer miraculously multiplied, to supply refreshment to

the famished multitude of sightseers. Then the votaries of St. Fiacre are accused of plucking the golden geese who patronise their hackney coaches, with too rough and ruthless a hand. "In a hurry, are you, mon bourgeois?" snuffles out, in nasal Norman accents, Jacques from Vire or Caen. "Did I ask questions about your affairs, citizen? What *pourboire* do you give, eh?" And then, perhaps, he cracks his whip, and bears down on some more promising fare, who is seen in the distance making signals of distress. And for this saturnalia of mercenary charioteers, the Exhibition bears the blame.

Although there is seldom smoke without fire, we may be sure that the balance of gain and loss, on the part of honest holiday makers, or of intelligent observers, is greatly in favour of a visit to the Trocadero. Petty smarts, microscopic annoyances, will be healed over and forgotten, while the remembrance of so many things, pretty, curious, beautiful, and wonderful, abides with us as perpetual possession. It would be a poor world, after all, did we hearken exclusively to grumblers; and there were those, we may be sure, who decried every sight, show, and pageant that the world has yet witnessed, just as astronomers concentrate the focus of their telescopes upon the spots that mar the radiance of the sun.

## AN ISLAND PRINCESS.

BY THEO. GIFT.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

AN English island in the Atlantic Ocean, many thousand miles away.

A mere barren rock, thinly covered with coarse, yellow grass, and poor, scanty soil; a rock, swept over and ravaged by blustering winds from every quarter of the compass; buffeted in winter by the mighty sea-green walls of icebergs, driven northwards from the Antarctic; split and broken by long extinct volcanoes; tunnelled by caves, into which the waves rush and tumble with a ceaseless boom, and roar, and bellow; and girdled round with a living belt of seaweed, strong, and brown, and tall, and fleshy, whose myriad strands, wreathed and twisted with one another like the arms of some vegetable octopus, have power to drag down and strangle the strongest swimmer who ever managed to get entangled in their treacherous meshes. An island, up whose pebbly beach, strewn with the wrecks of many

a noble ship, huge sea-lions paddle with heavy, flipper-like feet, shaking the salt foam from their dripping manes. An island, where no tree ever grew, no insect ever buzzed; but where the wild cattle hold possession of the narrow valleys, and the vulture and the eagle soar, with mighty stretching wings, from lofty mountain peaks. An island red with fern, grey with rock, and black with miles of treacherous, quaking bog, basking just now in the rare sunshine of a December noon—a mid-summer's day at the Antipodes.

A young woman was basking in it at the same time. Perched upon a little shelf of rock, to which she had climbed by aid of a tiny ledge here and an outjutting stone there, leaning back with her face turned slightly upwards, so as to get the full benefit of the yellow noonday sunshine, and sheltered from the wind by the mighty wall of granite, seamed, and grey, and lichen-crustled, which towered up behind her. Jean Coniston had abandoned herself to the luxury of warmth and stillness with a completeness of content, which only dwellers in such inhospitable climates can thoroughly realise. She had a book in her lap, a small copy of *Barnaby Rudge*, worn almost to rags by frequent reading, and with the flyleaves liberally embellished by imaginary portraits of the different personages in the story; but she was neither reading nor drawing at the present moment—only resting after a long ride, and thinking to herself, with a slight smile on her full, pretty lips.

"How fortunate I am to have got away from the town before any of them had landed, and be out of the noise and bother of it all. And oh! how cross Mrs. Powell will be when she calls round to 'talk things over,' as she calls it, and doesn't find me."

There was a dash of mischief in the smile now, and Jean lowered her face a little, and looked straight ahead to where, in the distance, she could see something which she knew well enough was at that moment the one centre of interest and excitement for the whole colony—a ship of noble size, lying in a sheltered harbour, and with an admiral's pennon flying from the masthead.

Below her was a deep bed of fern and brushwood, sheltered on one side by the wall of rock already mentioned, beyond which again towered hills and mountains of fantastic shapes and craggy summits; but these Jean could not see as she sat looking across the bed of ruddy fern,

among which glittered the tiny bronzed leaves and crimson berries of a heather-like plant, familiarly known as "diddledee," beneath her. A steep bank, crested with rocks, rose at the opposite side of this miniature valley, and beyond, the ground broke sharply away, and stretched downwards in successive slopes of barren, boggy land, covered with coarse white grass, to a broad expanse of marsh, dotted over with bronze-plumed teal and slender-legged snipe, at the end of a long, narrow harbour. Perched up in her lofty eyrie, Jean could see this "loch," lying like a grey-blue ribbon, ruffled by the breeze and flashing in the sunlight, between the high hills which shut it in on almost all sides; could see the white houses of a tiny settlement dotted about on the farther shore; the miniature dockyard, with its one gun for the defence of the town; the governor's residence; the church-tower; and the tall flagstaff on the hill, with the Union Jack flying bravely from it. The girl knew it all by heart—the only town, the only bit of civilisation she had ever seen in all the nineteen summers of her life; knew the name of every house, and every person in every house, high or low; knew that the gallant three-decker then lying at anchor in the centre of a little herd of fishing-boats and schooners was an English man-of-war, come down for her annual visit from the South American coast to this most out-of-the-world of all her Majesty's colonies; and that every man in the settlement had on his best coat, and every lady her smartest gown; and that wine was flowing, and houses being thrown open, and crimps chuckling, and every soul in the place on the tiptoe of excitement to greet the long-looked-for guests. Hadn't she mounted Brown Jenny, her pretty mare, and ridden over here on purpose to be out of the way of it all?

She was so tired of it already. It was the one event of the year—for it was very seldom that a second man-of-war looked in during the twelve months, and other visitors they had none—and the good ladies of the colony divided that year into two parts: six months' discussion of the ship last gone, and six months' prognostications and preparations regarding the ship next coming.

"Now, my dear Jean, be sure you make three cakes the day before they come in—a plum, and a seed, and a pound—or perhaps some sweet biscuits would do instead of one," Mrs. Powell, the chaplain's wife,

had said at least half-a-dozen times during the last week; "for officers always eat such a lot of cake, you know. And make your papa have up a dozen of his best port and sherry when they first arrive. If one gets a name for good wine at the beginning, it doesn't so much matter what one gives them later on; and, indeed, you should always keep a bottle of marsala open for the middies. It does well enough for them; and they don't know it from sherry, poor boys!"

Thinking over it all now, Jean laughed to herself at the daring way in which she had hitherto omitted to carry out any of these injunctions, and had broken through every canon of colonial propriety by fairly running away from the crowning fuss and glory of the arrival.

"But if papa doesn't scold me—and he never does, poor dear—why should I mind anyone else?" thought the young lady, with a slight toss of her pretty head. "Besides, I will certainly open a bottle of our best port for the middies, poor boys! whether they appreciate it or not. Ah, my dear old 'Barnaby,' with a loving squeeze of the oft-read volume on her knee, 'how much I prefer you to the whole lot of them!'"

But in her desire to get as far as possible from the "lot" aforesaid, Jean had ridden six miles in the breezy sunshine, and was just sufficiently tired to find something pleasantly soporific in the warm rays now reflected from her young face. "Barnaby" might be very dear, but "Barnaby" had been conned so often that she could have repeated him off by heart had she been so minded; and then, sheltered as she was (as much sheltered as it was possible to be in any corner of such a "cave of the winds" as this island home), little stray gusts of air would come stealing about her, ruffling the pages, and tangling loose locks of hair about the corners of her eyes. There was the stillness of the grey old hills all around. The long grass rustled softly under the breeze. Now and then a water bird rose with a booming cry from the marsh below. The big ship lay like a tiny black toy in the centre of a streak of silver-grey dazzle, with a little string of black spots going to and fro between her and the shore, and more black spots, mere specks, indeed, dotting the long white road which ran along the top of the beach. "Quite a crowd of people!" Jean said wonderingly; and indeed, there must have been twenty visible at one time. "What

an excitement there must be, and how much pleasanter it is here—so warm, and—so sunny—and——” and there Jean’s eyes, which had been half-closing for some minutes, shut up altogether, her head drooped a little to one side, the fingers clasped round her knee parted, and fell loosely asunder the girl was fast asleep in the sunshine. And Brown Jenny went on cropping the short young grass among the bushes a little way below.

It must have been about two hours later when a man entered the valley from its lower end. A young man, rather tall, very fair and pale—one of those absolutely blonde men who are not as beautiful as blonde women at any time, and if heated or sunburnt, become positively plain; but though tired, he was not heated, and certainly not sunburnt, at the present moment; and seeing that he was blessed with tolerably well-cut features, and had the unmistakable air of a gentleman, he could hardly be called plain at any time. That he had come to grief now, however, was evident. He was on foot, but had a whip in his hand, and his feet and legs were black with liquid mud above the knees. Also his head was bare, and the wind was blowing his hair wildly about, and his face had a tired anxious expression, as he came up under the wall of rocks, looking sharply from side to side. The man was evidently a stranger to the place, and had been thrown from his horse and bogged. He had lost his way into the bargain, and the question with him now was what he should do to find it again. It was at this moment that his eyes fell on Brown Jenny, and the expression of his face brightened very decidedly. For the mare was not loose, but tethered to a tough-looking shrub about a dozen yards from him, and she had on a side-saddle! It was not a very elegant one certainly. One pommel had been broken off altogether, and the other was patched with hide, and the seat was worn and padded with a cushion of common green baize, after a fashion more efficacious than artistic; but still it was palpably meant for a woman, and therefore was suggestive of a woman (and consequently her male companions) being somewhere in the vicinity. Further, upon a flat stone close to the horse there stood a little basket containing a modest lunch of bread and cheese, whereon three small greenfinches were perched, chirping pleasantly the while they pecked, at the

kindness which had provided them this refection. They flew away with some indignation when the stranger came near; but the mare merely lifted her head a moment, and then went on feeding; and nothing else, neither man, woman, nor child, was visible from one end of the narrow gully to the other. The young man was fairly puzzled.

“They must be somewhere within hearing,” was the thought in his mind; and he had just lifted his head to shout, when his eyes, travelling higher than they had yet done, rested on something so unexpected that it almost took away his breath in the first surprise. A girl, and a very pretty girl, perched on a ledge in the wall of rock high above him, and sound asleep!

It was a quaint picture. Jean’s small dark head had fallen sideways, and rested against a tapestry of brilliant green and orange-coloured lichens which covered the surface of the granite. Her feet, small and well shaped, though stoutly shod withal, hung down rather above the level of his head, and so did her hands, small too and plump, but brown as berries. Her face was brown also, with a warm flush of slumber on the delicate cheeks; and her mouth was the prettiest thing possible, red and sweet, and moist as an infant’s, the lips just parted, as though the sun had kissed them so in sleep and clung there still in lingering caress. She wore no riding-habit, but a long gown of coarse blue linen, fastened round the slender waist by a leather belt, gathered into a band at the throat and wrist like a boy’s shirt, and with no other finish than a narrow strip of snow-white cambric between the edge of the linen and the soft sun-tanned flesh. Yet there was nothing common, nothing even of the gipsy about her; and what, he asked himself, could she be doing up there quite alone, and asleep on such a perilous perch, that he was afraid even to speak or move lest she should wake suddenly and fall from it? It was just then, and while he was still hesitating, that she did wake of her own accord, opened a pair of the sweetest, brightest, darkest brown eyes ever seen, and sitting upright, looked at him with quite as much surprise as he had done at her.

Involuntarily Keith Fenwick put up a hand as if to his hat, then remembering that the wind had already removed that article, and becoming simultaneously conscious of his mud-engrained legs, flushed up to his eyes and spoke.

"I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I startled you; but surely you are not safe up there anyhow."

Jean looked down at him, not blushing at all, as most girls would have done, and with some amusement. At another time she might have been ashamed of having been caught sleeping "al fresco" by a total stranger, but her quick eye no sooner rested on his dress and appearance than she comprehended the whole situation, and could not help an emotion of mirth at the anxious, authoritative tone of advice from one who had so palpably been unable to take care of himself.

"Oh yes, I am," she said composedly. "But how did you come here yourself? You've been thrown, haven't you; and have you lost your horse?"

"Both my horse and my way," said Keith, laughing, though a little annoyed at being outdone in self-possession by a mere slip of a girl. "He did not throw me, however. The fact is we had a difference of opinion as to the best path across a peat bog. He declined to take my view, so I dismounted and led him—a liberty which he apparently resented, for on my dropping the reins for a moment he took to his heels and bolted."

Jean felt very much inclined to laugh outright, but controlled herself.

"I suppose you dropped the reins when you tumbled into the bog?" she asked, disregarding his attempt at playfulness, and pointing a merciless finger at the nether suit of mud in which he was encased. Keith answered her rather shortly.

"Exactly. I did."

"Ah, you should have let your horse guide you. He knew the country better than you," said Jean, with an air of superior wisdom to which her elevated perch gave added dignity, and which was a little irritating to a man who piqued himself on being quite as much the sportsman and country gentleman by nature, as the officer which he was by profession.

"Very possibly," he said dryly; then—"perhaps you may do so, at any rate, and can direct me to Port Stanley. Am I far from it?"

"Only about six miles. If you were up here I could show it to you," Jean answered, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked out again across the gleaming

distance; "but go across the brush and climb that bank, and you can see the harbour for yourself, and the settlement on the other side."

"Thank you," said Keith, and obeyed with a promptitude which pleased the young woman for a reason of her own. He had no sooner turned his back than she whisked off her perch, and in another moment had swung herself lightly down to terra firma. "For how could I ever have done it while he kept on standing there, staring up at me? Men are so stupid," the girl said to herself, patting Brown Jenny, who had come up and was rubbing her slender head against her mistress's shoulder. "I wonder, though, where the silly fellow's horse is, and how far he has walked! He looked dreadfully white. I never saw a man so white in my life. Oh, perhaps he is hungry!"

The general tint of mankind on the island being (thanks to sea air and wind) a lively scarlet, Jean was apt to think seriously of any appearance of pallor; and now the stranger's colourless skin combined with a sudden recollection of her own lunch basket to rouse her feelings of hospitality. He had gained the crest of the opposite bank, and was just trying to make a mental calculation of how long it would take him to walk to the settlement (which he could see plainly from his present vantage point), and regain his ship, when someone touched his shoulder, and turning, he saw the same sweet young face which had looked down on him from the cliff, and below it a huge wedge of brown bread and home-made milk cheese held out in a pair of pretty slender hands.

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